

Come Out Ye Black and Tans

Written by: Dominic Behan



I [Am] was born in a Dublin street where the [G] loyal drums do {Em} beat
And those [Am] loving English feet they tramped all o're us
And [C] every single night when me [G] da would come home [Em] tight
He'd in [Am] vite the neighbors [G] out with this fine cho [Am] rus

[CHORUS]

Come [Am] out ye black and tans, come out and [G] fight me like a [Em] man
[Am] Show your wives how you won medals down in Flanders
Tell them [C] how the I.R.A. made you [G] run like hell a [Em] way
From the [Am] green and lovely [G] lakes of Killes [Am] shandra.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

Come [Am] tell us how you slew them poor [G] Arabs two by [Em] two
Like the [Am] Zulu they had spears and bow and arrows
Tell us [C] how you slew each one with your [G] sixteen pounder [Em] gun
Till you [Am] frightened them poor [G] natives to their [Am] marrow

[REPEAT CHORUS]

Come [C] let us hear you tell, how you [G] slandered great {em} Parnell
When you [Am] through and well and truly persecuted
Where [C] are the sneers and jeers that you [G] bravely let us [Em] hear
When our [Am] heroes of six [G] teen were execu [Am] ted

[REPEAT CHORUS]

[Am] Well the time is coming fast, and the [G] time is hear at last
[Am] When each yeoman will be cast aside before us
And [C] if there be a need, then our [G] kids will sing God [Em] speed
With a [Am] verse or two of [G] Stephen Behan's cho [Am] rus

[REPEAT CHORUS 2X]